

Horatius Flaccus

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P O E T R Y

T R A N S L A T E D.

I N S C R I B E D.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of HALIFAX.

By WILLIAM POPPLE, Esq.



L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LIII.

H O R A C I U S

A R T

OF

P O E T R Y

T R A N S L A T E D

I N S C R I B E D

To the Right Honourable

The EARL OF ARLING

39.
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E W I L L I A M P I E



D O N A T E D

Given by the Earl of Arling to the British Museum

1841

Q HORATII FLACCI

DE ARTE POETICAE

LIBER

AD PISONES

U-M-A-N-O caput cervicemq; pedes equumq;

Iungere si velis, et vana inducere plumas

Undique collas, ut quæritur avis

Dedant in piscem mulier formosa supert

Speciatum adimmi tamen cæcis, amici

Ordo, Pison, isti sapula fore librum

Historiam, cuius vultus agit formæ, vultus

Integritas species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni

Reddatur formæ —

— Tibullus adque Propertius

Quilibet auctori semper fuit æque potestas

Q. HORATII FLACCI
DE ARTE POETICA

L I B E R.

A D P I S O N E S.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Perfimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.—

—Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

Scimus,

H O R A C E's

A R T of P O E T R Y.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of HALIFAX.

SHOULD some rash Painter, without Judgment, spread
An Horse's Neck, beneath a Woman's Head ;
From diff'rent Beasts, a diff'rent Member take ;
And of Birds Feathers, a strange Coving make ;
Then let it, downwards, in a Fish decline ;
Would you not laugh at such a strange Design ?
Such, noble HALIFAX, is that Bard's Theme,
Disjointed like a mad or sick Man's Dream,
Whose incoherent Head, a Mass of Things,
Without Connexion, in one Poem brings !
" But Bards and Painters" (all true Judges say)
" Have Liberty to give their Genius Play !"

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim;
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Affuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus:---

---Et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui: currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima

'Tis not deny'd --- And for myself I crave
 This glorious Liberty all Poets have.
 But yet such Liberty should have some Bound,
 Nor, with each other, Contraries be found;
 As Serpents mix not with the feather'd Race,
 Nor Lambs and Tygers mutually embrace.

In some great Work, which promises a Name,
 How oft the Bard for Trifles risks his Fame!

" A Grove shall stop him in his vast Career---

" Or limpid Brook, which murmurs in the Ear---

" A Rainbow glitt'ring in the azure Sky,

" With all its Tints of variegated Dye---

" An Altar-piece describ'd---A rapid *Rhine*---

" Disgrace his Work, and with false Beauty shine."

But these are fine Descriptions- -striking---true!

'Tis granted---But, what have they here to do?

'Tis yours to paint a Tree, and paint it well---

But can you in all other Things excel?

Paint me a Wreck, and let your Pencil trace

The Horrors that disfigure ev'ry Face---

What, quite dismay'd? The Potter thus intends

A noble Vase, which in an Ewer ends.

Weigh well your Subject, stick to that alone:

For nothing can be good, that is not One!

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
 Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: sectantem levius nervi
 Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget;
 Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ:
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
 Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat:
 Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.

Poets (a common Fault with most) pursue
 What their mistaken Judgments fancy true.
 This would be short, concise---His Aim is good :
 He tries his Skill---and is not understood:
 This polishes each Line with nicest Care---
 The Warmth and Spirit vanish into Air ;
 This, aiming at great Things, becomes mere Sound :
 Avoiding Bombast, others creep the Ground ;
 This, priding in ill-judg'd Variety,
 Paints Dolphins in the Woods, and Boars at Sea.
 Let Art and Judgment teach what Faults to shun,
 Lest, flying one, we into greater run.
 Sculptors may carve the Nails and Hair with Art,
 And polish exquisitely each different Part ;
 Yet, when the Judge's Eye compares the Whole,
 The Statue has a Form, but wants a Soul ;
 Nor can that Visage strike with Truth or Grace,
 If but one ill-shap'd Feature spoils the Face !

You then who write, consult your Genius well,
 And weigh with Care wherein you can excel !
 Match'd to your Strength the finish'd Piece will shine,
 And Grace and Order beautify each Line.

Be this your Rule --- Say just what should be said,
 Be each Thing else to its due Time delay'd ---
 Wou'd you the Praise, which you expect, receive,
 Adopt what's proper ; what's improper, leave.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis,
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
 Reddiderit junctura novum. si forte necesse est
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
 Continget, dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter:
 Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadent, parce detorta. quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
 Virgilio Varioque? ego cur acquirere pauca
 Si possum, invideor; cum lingua Catonis et Ennī
 Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
 Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebet
 Signatum præsentem nota producere nomen.

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
 Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
 Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.

Debemur morti nos, nostraque: fivē receptus
 Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus; sterilisque diu palus, aptaque remis,
 Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:

New Words with Caution use-- 'Tis hard to find
 New Words expressive of the Poet's Mind;
 Yet if your Subject treats of Things unknown,
 Which, by Words now in Use, are faintly shown,
 Invent, but sparingly that Licence use,
 And Words compounded from some others chuse.
 If these fall short, and you want Words quite new,
 Such as our *Drydens* and our *Popes* ne'er knew,
 Ev'n this may be allow'd, if you take care
 Such Words both plain and unaffected are;
 For why should we a Liberty refuse,
 Our Ancestors deny'd not *Shakespeare's* Muse?
 Our Language thus enrich'd will gain Renown,
 And Praise, not Envy, the Inventor crown;
 Words, coin'd with Skill, denote judicious Choice,
 And Use adopts them by the public Voice.
 As Trees in Autumn spread with Leaves the Ground,
 And, the returning Spring, with new abound,
 So Words grow old, and new supply their Place,
 And flourish equally with Youth and Grace.
 To Death consign'd, us, and whate'er is ours,
 The ever-open Sepulchre devours.
 In vain a while the Port the Vessel saves:
 She sinks at last in the ingulphing Waves.
 In vain the Fen, clear'd by the lab'ring Hind,
 Feels the sharp Plough, and nourishes Mankind;

Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula;—

----- si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc focci cepere pedem, grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa

In vain large Rivers turn their Streams aside,
 And, taught by Art, through unknown Channels glide:
 All Things decay, and Words, tho' choice, like these,
 Have but their stated Periods when to please:
 Many, already fall'n, revive again;
 And some shall fall, which now with Glory reign.
 Such is the Force of Custom -- from whose Laws
 Language its Right and Pow'r of Pleasing draws.

Wou'd you the Acts of Kings and Chiefs rehearse,
 Let *Homer's* Numbers animate your Verse!

Grief first began in Elegiac Strain,
 Uneven in its Measures, to complain;
 At length Love's tender Sentiments receiv'd,
 Lovers alternately rejoic'd and griev'd;
 But who first brought this Poem to succeed,
 Grammarians *doubt*, nor are they yet agreed.

Rage taught *Archilochus* the first to vent,
 In passionate Iambics, Discontent;
 At length the Tragic and the Comic Muse
 As best adapted to their diff'rent Use,
 Whether to stir the Passions, or to please,
 With elevated Sounds, or graceful Ease,
 Taught them on Theatres to please the Croud,
 And fix Attention when they were too loud.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum,
 Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
 Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre,

Descriptas fervare vices, operumque colores,
 Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:

Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco
 Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestæ.
 Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
 Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exsul uterque,
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba;
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt,
 Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt.

Ut

In lofty Verse the Lyric Ode excels,
 And Gods, and Godlike Heroes Actions, tells;
 The Victor-Wrestler, and the Charioteer,
 With equal Pomp and Dignity appear:
 Descending now, she strikes the pleasing Lyre,
 And sings the Joys, which Love and Wine inspire.

Unskill'd in these, why should the Laurel Crown
 Circle my Brow, and lift me to Renown?
 For if I fear to learn thro' foolish Shame,
 I give up my Pretensions to the Name.

The Comic Muse, design'd for lighter Things,
 Affecting Pomp, preposterously sings;
 Ill-judg'd as he, who idly should relate,
 In mimic Verse, *Thyestes'* cruel Fate.
 Of Words, that suit each Poem, make just Choice,
 Tho' Comedy, sometimes, may raise her Voice.
Chremes, when angry, may appear in Rage,
 And Grief, with humble Sounds, its Pangs assuage:
 Banish'd from Home, and forc'd for Aid to seek,
Peleus and *Telephus* submissive speak:
 High-sounding Words would ineffectual prove,
 And lose the Pity which you strive to move.
 Poems, tho' good, may fail to touch the Heart,
 Unless the Hearer enters in the Part.

As

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adfunt
 Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi ; tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 Telephe, vel Peleu : male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.--

---Tristia mœstum

Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;
 Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum ; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit :
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absfona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
 Intererit multum, * Divusne loquatur, an * heros ;
 Maturusque senex, an adhuc florente juventa
 Fervidus ; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix ;
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;

* Divusne—an Irus.— Davusne—an Eros. Davusne—an Heros.

Colchus,

As Laughter, Laughter only can excite;
 So Sorrow must be painted to the Sight :
 'Tis then alone your Sorrows touch my Breast,
 When you, Oh! *Telephus*, appear distress'd !
 If strictly to your Part you should not keep,
 You either make me laugh, or fall asleep.
 A Face in Sorrow, asks pathetic Words ;
 Anger, for threat'ning Sounds, full Scope affords ;
 Light Words become the Laughter ; Grave, the Grave ;
 For Nature, form'd for ev'ry Sense we have,
 Fits us, from inward Feelings, best to find,
 When Anger swells, or Grief affects the Mind ;
 And, when such Passions on the Stage are shown,
 Teaches the Heart to make each Sense its own.

Of all the Rules, which circumscribe the Stage,
 Let Truth of Character your Thoughts engage.
 Weigh well this Point --- Without it, Words, nor Wit,
 Will save you from the Clamours of the Pit.
 Distinguish'd well, let Gods and Heroes talk
 A Language suited to their diff'rent *Walk* ;
 Old Men with moral Sentences abound,
 And Youth, with boiling Passions, still be found ;
 Matrons with Gravity adorn the Scene,
 And Duty, in the careful Nurse, be seen ;
 Let Merchants talk of Voyages ; the Hind,
 Of what concerns the Plough, or Bestial Kind ;

Each

Colchus, an Affyrius ; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
 Scriptor, honoratum si forte reponis Achillem ;
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis :

Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
 Personam formare novam ; fervetur ad imum,
 Qualis ab incæpto processerit, et sibi constet.
 Difficile est proprie communia dicere : ---

---tuque

Each Dialect to its true Standard brought,
Let each one speak the Language he was taught.

Whatever Character you bring to View,
Unvarying, that Character pursue;
If in your Scenes *Achilles* treads the Stage,
Observe, with Care, to make the Hero rage:
Paint him with Fire, as *Homer* did of old,
Implacable, revengeful, haughty, bold;
Disclaiming Law, as if exempt alone,
And, by his Sword, asserting still his own.
Fierce, and untam'd, *Medea* should appear;
And *Ino's* Face be cover'd with a Tear;
Ixion false and faithless should be found,
And wand'ring *Io* still should shift her Ground;
Haunted by Furies, let *Orestes'* Breast,
With infelt Grief, or Madness, be possess'd.

If, bold and daring, you affect Renown
In forming Characters to Fame unknown,
Equal, throughout, your Character design;
And, with its proper Beauties, let it shine.
'Tis hard, with Truth, to strike the human Mind
In Characters, which take in all Mankind;
Each, prepossess'd, with his own Judgment sees,
And, as your Thoughts hit his, with yours agrees.

D

Wiser

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in aëus,
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si
 Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetat, aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et mobile bellum.
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
 Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte?
 "Dic mihi, Musa, virum, capta post tempora Trojae
 "Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes."
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
 Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim:

Nec

Wiser by far, who from the *Iliad* draws,
 Than who subjects Invention to such Laws !
 Heroes, tho' known, may yet become your own,
 If all superfluous Things you let alone :
 Too much embrac'd, will Unity destroy ;
 And Words, return'd too faithfully, will cloy :
 Following the first, you grow too much diffuse,
 And close Adherence cramps the free-born Muse.

Pompous Exordiums studiously forbear ;
 Nor, like the Bard of old, thus wound the Ear---
Of Priam's Fortunes, and his Wars, I'll sing---
 What will such ostentatious Boasting bring ?
 By the judicious Reader left with Scorn,
 The Mountain labours, and a Mouse is born !
 How nobler far, whose modest Muse began,
 In unaffected Verse---“ I sing the Man,
 “ Who, when the Grecian Arms to Troy gave Law,
 “ Wander'd, and many Men and Countries saw.”
 He seeks not first a mighty Flame to raise,
 Which, in a Cloud of Smoke, at once decays ;
 But, from his Smoke, produces lasting Flame,
 And gives his specious Miracles a Name :
 He seeks not with *Antiphates's* Rage
 Our Wonder, and Attention, to engage ;
 Nor, in the Waves, which wash *Sicilia's* Shore,
 Makes his hoarse *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*, roar ;

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
 Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit; et quæ
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi:
 Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque
 Sessuri, donet cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat;
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
 Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et annis.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
 Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.

Or *Cyclop* shews---till brought to bear the Light,
 Each fills us with incredible Delight.
 Unlike the Bard, who, seeking to rehearse
Tydidēs's Return in pompous Verse,
 Open'd with *Meleager's* Death the Scene,
 And fill'd with Trash the Interval between;
 Or he, who, in his Wars of *Troy*, began
 With *Leda's* Egg, and the fictitious Swan;—
 But, hast'ning still to the main Action, springs,
 With rapid Flight, o'er incidental Things;
 Whilst, glancing as he goes, on Facts well known,
 And what can't be enlighten'd, let alone,
 He forms his Fable with such cunning Art,
 That One great Whole results from ev'ry Part.

Now learn, in this united, what Mankind,
 In Works of Genius, will expect to find:
 So shall your Hearers with Attention sit,
 Nor, till the Curtain drops, their Places quit.
 " Each Age its Manners has, not all alike:
 " Each, justly mark'd, will, with true Beauty, strike.

Infants just taught to speak, and run alone,
 No Bliss beyond their little Play-mates own;
 Changing each Hour, their Joys and Sorrows rise,
 And speak a diff'rent Language in their Eyes.

Youth,

Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprii gramine campi;
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernit.

Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
 Quærit opes et amicitias; inservit honori;
 Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
 Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;
 Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
 Se puero, castigatoremque minorum.

Youth, freed from Tutorage, in Horses, Hounds,
 And martial Exercise, his Pleasure founds :
 To Vice inclin'd, good Counsel gives Offence :
 He only thinks of what now strikes his Sense ;
 Lavish of Money, self-sufficient, vain,
 And eager, all he flies at, to obtain ;
 The Bliss obtain'd, his Fancy soon grows tir'd,
 And quits with Ease, what he with Warmth desir'd.

In manly Age, to other Thoughts inclin'd,
 Riches, and Friends, and Honours, touch his Mind ;
 Fir'd with the noble Plan Ambition shows,
 His Conduct, from his ripen'd Judgment, flows.

Age, subject to a thousand diff'rent Ills,
 With Heaps of Gold his swelling Coffers fills :
 Grown rich, he fears to touch his hidden Store,
 And, what he sought for Use, employs no more :
 Cold Fear, and Caution, stay his trembling Hand,
 Irresolute, and always at a stand---
 Slow in his Hopes, inactive, hard to please,
 Dissatisfy'd with ev'ry thing he sees---
 Greedy to make Futurity his own,
 And fond of Life, tho' past its Pleasures grown---
 Praising the Times alone, when he was born,
 And cens'ring Youth, with Haughtiness and Scorn.

Thus,

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt: ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.—

---Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præfens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,

Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem:
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu fit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Thus, to advancing Years what adds a Grace,
Retreating Years oblit'rate, and deface.

Timely advis'd--let old Men speak as old,
And Youth be still impetuous, fiery, bold;
Let Infants still their little Sports pursue;
And give, to ev'ry diff'rent Age, its Due.

Actions, which form the Business of the Stage,
May sometimes by the Eye, or Ear, engage.
Touch'd thro' the Ear, our Passions rise more slow:
The Object, present, fills with present Woe:
Struck with the Sight, instant our Passions rise,
And call forth all the Moisture in our Eyes.
Yet, tho' Narration gives but cold Delight,
Some Things there are, must be conceal'd from Sight.
Medea must not draw her murd'ring Knife,
Nor rob her guiltless Children of their Life;
Nor *Atreus* prepare the bloody Feast,
And, with his slaughter'd Sons, regale his Guest;
Nor *Cadmus*' Snake, nor *Progne*'s Swallow, try--
Such Sights offend the unbelieving Eye.

Five Acts, the Measure, and the certain Bound:
Less wou'd confine, and More the Piece confound.
But let no God, without just Cause, appear;
Nor a fourth Person, talking, interfere.

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
 Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,
 Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat apte.

- “ Ille bonis faveatque et consilietur amice,
 “ Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes :
 “ Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
 “ Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis :
 “ Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur et oret,
 “ Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.”

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
 Æmula ; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine paucò,
 Aspirare et adesse choris erat utilis, atque
 Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu :
 Quo fane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque, verecundusque coibat.
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
 Placari genius festis impune diebus ;
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?

Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen---

---traxitque

The Chorus (which demands the nicest Art)
Should always sing some necessary Part;
For their sole Business, when behind they stay,
Is to point out some Matter in the Play—

- “ To favour Virtue; reconcile the Friend;
- “ Appease the Angry; and the Good commend;
- “ To praise the frugal Board, and wholesome Chear,
- “ Justice, and Law, and Peace, for ever dear;
- “ True to their Trust, the Gods with Pray'rs to move,
- “ That Worth may thrive, and Vice unhappy prove!”

Of old, the Flute, as yet with Brass unbound,
(Tho' now it emulates the Trumpet's Sound)
Simple, and small, and with few Vents, appear'd,
And, in their Theatres, with Ease was heard:
For our great Ancestors were plain and few,
Nor our stupendous Decorations knew:
But now, with Victory, and Arts, grown great,
Rome's Sports increas'd, with her increasing State:
Her Gods with Wine ador'd, and festal Ease,
Licentious Sounds found a new Way to please:
For what could be expected, when the Clown,
Mix'd with the Senator, disgrac'd the Gown?
What could the Taste of such low Peasants hit,
But coarse or obscene Jests, the Shame of Wit?
Loose Postures now were taught, with Skill, to suit
With the lascivious Breathings of the Flute.

---traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem :
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis ;
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps ;
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri,
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit ;---

---eo quod
 Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.
 Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere feria ludo :
 Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas ;
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania capiet.
 Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus ;
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

Then flowing Robes first trail'd along the Ground ;
 And a new Grace, in each new Step, was found.
 So the *Greek* Choral Lyre at first was plain,
 Till, by Degrees, rais'd to a nobler Strain,
 With swelling Pomp the *Grecian* Chorus trod,
 And spoke the Language of the *Delphic* God.

Now Choruses of Satyrs first began,
 And found a Place in the Dramatic Plan ;
 Taught by the Bard, who first obtain'd the Prize,
 In Comic Jest, yet solemnly, to rise :
 For something new and light must be allow'd,
 To please a drunken, lawless, giddy, Croud :
 Yet, tho' such harmless Raillery may please,
 If carry'd thro' the Interludes with Ease,
 Take care the Hero, or the awful God,
 Who late the Stage, in Gold and Purple, trod,
 Descend not to low Jest, for Farces fit,
 Or, shunning that, affect unnat'ral Wit ;
 For such low Trash the Tragic Muse disclaims,
 And each high Nothing, cloath'd in Bombast, shames.
 As the chaste Matron, order'd by the Priest
 On public Days to grace the sacred Feast,
 Seems not to move ; yet moves with graceful Art,
 And fills with proper Decency her Part ;
 So should the Satyrs brought upon the Stage,
 With proper Decency, our Minds engage.

In

Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum
 Verbaque, Pifones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo :
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, et audax
 Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum ;
 An custos famulusque dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar : ut sibi quis
 Speret idem ;---

---sudet multum, frustraue laboret
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet :
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac pene forense,
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.
 Offenduntur enim, quibus est domus, et pater, et res ;
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emptor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

Syllaba

In all such Pieces, let your Words then be
Such as with strictest Modesty agree.
Things, nam'd with too much Bluntness, shock the Ear;
Nor should the Audience without Censure hear:
Yet, whilst this Fault judiciously you shun,
Beware you do not into others run;
Nor shamefully the Rule of Order break,
And make a *Davus* like *Silenus* speak.

'Tis best from some known History to chuse
A Subject suited to the Tragic Muse;
Subjects so chosen will the Hearer touch,
And each one think, 'tis his to do as much;
Till, sweating with the Toil, he vainly tries,
And owns, above his Height your Genius flies:
So hard the Chain of Incidents and Things!
So rich the Grace, which from such Subjects springs!

Drawn from the Woods, and plac'd upon the Scene,
Satyrs should not be polish'd, nor obscene;
Alike offensive, if they speak too well,
As when coarse Thoughts, in coarser Words, they tell---
Men of true Taste, whatever Rank they bear,
Such ill-judg'd Scenes with Indignation hear;
Nor will espouse the fordid Poet's Cause,
Who, from the Vulgar's Plaudits, seeks Applause.

“ What

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus : unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
 Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi, non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
 Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit
 Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secunda
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter, hic et in Acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex :
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter ? an omnes
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, et intra
 Spem veniæ cautus ? vitavi denique culpam,
 Non laudem merui.--
 --Vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

" * What Numbers now the Tragic Bard should use,
 " Shall be the present Business of the Muse.
 " As yet untaught by Rule to measure Sound,
 " Our Language, without Quantity, is found:
 " Yet long, or short, in ev'ry Word appears,
 " And, *not observ'd*, offends the Critic's Ears:
 " Light Joy should be in flowing Words exprest,
 " And heavier Sounds burst from the Grief-struck Breast:
 " Rapid and loud best paint the Hero's Rage,
 " Whilst Fear and Terror short-breath'd Sounds presage.
 " Rhyme, ill-becoming Plays, with Care avoid:
 " By Sounds, repeated oft, the Ear is cloy'd:
 " Ten Syllables the Measure of each Line---
 " Yet sometimes from this Rule you may decline;
 " Nor too exactly scan the number'd Feet,
 " Or *thin* the Sense to make the Verse complete."
 Not all can these nice Delicacies trace,
 And too much Liberty finds sometimes Grace;
 Encourag'd by Indulgences thus shown,
 Seek not by others Faults to screen your own;
 For tho' from Censure kindly we refrain,
 The Praise you should affect, you'll never gain.
 Let the *Greek* Authors still be your Delight:
 Attentive study them both Day and Night:
 From their exhaustless Springs your Treasure take,
 And their great Genius your Example make.

F

What

* These Sixteen Lines are in lieu of the *Latin* Text; which cannot be translated, with either Propriety, or Use.

At nostri præavi Plautinos et numeros et
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati;---

---si modo ego et vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ
 Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.

Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
 Laude;---

---fed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
 Dignam lege regi:---

---lex est accepta---

---chorusque

Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

What tho' our Bards have charm'd the list'ning Throng,
Has *Dryden* never been commended wrong?
Has not, sometimes, an injudicious Praise,
With Honours undeserv'd, cry'd up his Lays?
Nay, to be plain, and speak without Disguise---
Too often foolishly bestow'd the Prize?
For, tho' the Tongue may praise, the faithful Ear
Will, as the Sound affects the Organ, hear;
Nor will the Mind, when judging right, be caught
With the false Glare of an unnat'ral Thought.

Thespis, the first who wore the Tragic Crown,
And made his Actors stroll from Town to Town,
Smear'd with Wine-Lecs, and seated in a Cart,
Shew'd ev'ry Actor how to play his Part.
Till *Æschylus*, improving on his Plan,
To act in Mask, and decent Drefs, began;
Rais'd a small Theatre upon the Ground,
And buskin'd Heroes taught to swell in Sound.
Then Comedy next rose, and learn'd to charm,
Unguarded, free, licentious, bold, and warm;
Till, too abusive grown, the best of Men
Became the Scoff of each Satiric Pen.
The Magistrates the growing Evil saw,
And curb'd their bold Licentiousness by Law:
No longer suffer'd on such Themes to dwell,
The Chorus, and its Pow'r, together fell.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ :
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta,
 Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
 Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium ; si non offenderet unum—
 Quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora.—

—Vos, o

Pompilius sanguis—

—carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies, et multa litura coercuit, atque
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, et excludit fanos Helicone poetas
 Democritus ;---

---bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
 Non barbam ; secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.

Our Poets, equally as fond of Fame,
 Have dar'd all Things to raise themselves a Name;
 Trod in new Paths, to antient *Greece* unknown,
 And celebrated Heroes of our own:
 Nor should we less in Arts, than Arms, excel,
 If Poets, what they write, would polish well.
 But, lazy grown, they court inglorious Ease,
 And think, 'tis Fame enough, if they but please.
 The noble Toil, inspiriting the Whole,
 Neglected, leaves a Body, but no Soul.

You then, my Lord, who, with impartial Eyes,
 Can see where ev'ry Fault, or Beauty, lies;
 Who, not misled by rough, or well-turn'd Lines,
 Can tell when *Pope* is flat, or *Shakespeare* shines;
 Wait till the Work, corrected often, shows
 It merits all the Praise the Judge bestows.

What tho' *Democritus* the Pref'rence gave
 To Works, which less of Art than Genius have,
 Bidding the Bards their *Helicon* forsake,
 And, from within, true Inspiration take---
 To each Excess shall Poets ever prone,
 Grow nasty, and affect to be alone?
 Quitting the Town, to private Caverns run,
 And Company, and public Bagnios, shun?

With

Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
 Tonfori Licino commiserit.---

---O ego lævus,
 Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum
 Nil tanti est.---

---Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet---

---exfors ipsa secandi:
 Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
 Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
 Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

Rem

With Nails uncut, and Face o'ergrown with Hair,
 Assume a slov'nly, supercilious, Air?
 Vain Fools, to fancy they will gain the Bays,
 And rise, by such odd Tricks, to public Praise!
 With Patience who such Follies can endure,
 Not *three Anticyras* their Brains can cure!
 Is this the Path to Fame? Is this the Road?
 How ill my Pains, and Drugs, have been bestow'd?
 Careful--when coming Spring new-cloaths the Wood---
 To purge all bilious Humours from the Blood---
 With less Expence, I might have rose to Fame,
 And equall'd the most noble Poet's Name!
 But 'tis not worth this mighty Toil and Pain---
 An humbler Glory, for myself, I'll gain;
 And (as Knives cut, edg'd by the grinding Stone)
 Will whet each Poet's Genius by my own;
 And tho' unfit myself, like them, to rise,
 Will open all their Duty to their Eyes---
 Whence flows the noble Vein, which forms the Bard--
 What they should chief observe, what disregard---
 Each Beauty set to View, each Fault make known---
 And teach them how to reach deserv'd Renown.---

You then, who seek to gain the Poet's Name,
 Learn, that to know---is the first Step to Fame---
 Without this Principle, your Toil is lost;
 And all your vain Endeavours will be crost.

By

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis ;---

---ille profecto

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.

Romani

By *Socrates* instructed, form your Mind
 With ev'ry Knowledge, useful to Mankind.
 Things well-conceiv'd we easily expound :
 Words are not wanting, when the Sense is found.

“ What Patriots to their Country's Welfare owe —
 “ Or Friends should, in their fond Attachments, show —
 “ What Love the Sire should, from the Child, command —
 “ Or Brother, from a Brother, may demand —
 “ What Hospitality requires from all ! —
 “ What best becomes the Senate, Camp, or Hall ” —

Your Study be—These always in your Mind,
 You cannot fail to paint, with Truth, Mankind:
 Attentive to this Rule, for ever true,
 Have still the gen'ral Plan of Life in view.
 This Rule, observ'd, will fill us with Delight,
 And spread your Genius open to the Sight.
 How oft have Plays, where Genius has no Part,
 Wrote without Elegance, or Grace, or Art ;
 Quite destitute of ev'ry other Aid ;
 Charm'd by the Force of Character display'd !
 Whilst others, fill'd with sounding Verse, but void
 Of true Distinction, have the Audience cloy'd !

Rich in their Verse, but richer in their Vein,
 Above the grov'ling Thoughts of sordid Gain—

Romani pueri longis rationibus affert
Discunt in partes centum diducere.---

---Dicat

Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse, triens. cu!
Rem poteris fervare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. ad hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles:
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:
Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

The happy *Grecian* Bards to Nature ow'd,
 What Graces the indulgent Muse bestow'd.---
 Our narrow Youth from Infancy are taught
 To calculate the Total of a Groat---
 "Take Two from Four, my Son---What will remain?"
 "Why, Two---Well said---Add two---'Tis Four again---"
 "That's my good Boy---How happy is my Fate!"
 "My Son is fit to manage an Estate!"
 When Thoughts of Gain so soon the Mind infect,
 What from such Geniuses can we expect?
 What Muse will deign such Wretches to inspire,
 Or warm their Breasts with true Poetic Fire!

Poets should write for Profit, or Delight;
 Or, to one gen'ral Purpose, Both unite---
 Would you instruct---be short, as well as clear---
 A few short Precepts any one may bear.
 The Breast, a little, easily retains---
 Loaded too much, as surely heaves and strains.
 If, to delight, your Fable you devise,
 Let nothing, too improbable, arise:
 Still near to Truth, feign what may be believ'd:
 Things, which shock Sense, will never be receiv'd.
 Let Pantomime shew Monsters on the Stage,
 And, in unnat'ral Sight, the Eye engage;
 Such idle Things may please a stupid Croud;
 But, by good Judges, will not be allow'd---

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:

Celfi prætereunt austeram poemata Rhamnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hic meret æra liber Sosis :--

---hic et mare transit,

Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :

Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus et mens,

Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum ;

Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.

Verum,

For all that moves to Laughter is not Wit,
 Nor should true Comedy such Sights admit.
 Yet---If your Aim be solely to delight,
 Expect no gen'ral Praise from what you write---
 Old Age requires some Moral in a Tale,
 Where Sense should over Levity prevail:
 Or, if, attentive to please them alone,
 Your Fable, without Pleasantry, is shown,
 Our Youth, less fond of Sentences than Mirth,
 Will stifle such Productions in their Birth.
 'Tis his alone to gain Applause, whose Mind
 Is bent to please, and to instruct, Mankind:
Millar, and *Doddsley*, for his Works will vye---
 No Price, for such a Purchase, is too high!
 Translated soon as from the Press they come,
 Abroad commended, and admir'd at home---
 High soars the Poet's Name---Mankind agree,
 And Fame immortal, for his Works, decree.

Perfection is not to be found in Man;
 Nor can we form, in all, a perfect Plan;
 For, tho' with nicest Skill we touch the Chord,
 It will not, always, the same Sound afford;
 Nor, certain, tho' we bend the twanging Yew,
 Will the swift Arrow reach the Mark in View---

Verum, ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura.---

Quid ergo?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret;---

--et citharædus

Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem :
 Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror;---

--et idem

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ut pictura, poësis: erit, quæ, si propius stes,
 Te capiat magis; et quædam, si longius abstes :
 Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

Shall I then, where Superior Beauties shine,
 Be so offended at a careless Line?
 Shall unforgiving Rigour still prevail,
 When human Nature is so apt to fail?
 But this may go too far--- Would you not blame
 A Copyist, if his Faults were still the same---
 If often told, and caution'd to beware,
 He still proceeds with the same Want of Care---
 Or if a Lyrist, when he strikes the String,
 With the same Dissonance still makes it ring?
 'Tis so with Bards---scarce any Piece is writ,
 Without some Spark of Genius, or of Wit;
 Yet, take the Whole, and weigh it in your Mind,
 More Room for Laughter, than for Praise, you find.
 But, say, my Lord,---can you your Temper keep,
 To see ev'n *Homer* sometimes nod, or sleep---
 Yet, in his Favour, let thus much be said,
 So long a Work may sometimes doze the Head.---

Poems, like Pictures, ask a diff'rent Light:
 At Distance some, and some, when near, delight---
 Some, in a Shade, their Beauties should display;
 And some shine most, when plac'd in fullest Day.
 Short Pleasures, from the darken'd Tints, arise;
 Whilst the enlighten'd Figures charm the Eyes:
 On these the Judge with growing Raptures dwells,
 And ev'ry Moment, with fresh Transport, swells.---

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi:---

---consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disert
Messalæ;---

---nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus;
Sed tamen in pretio est:---

---mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non dī, non concessere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:

Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit;

Yet (tho' with Taste, and riper Judgment, blest,
 And of all Knowledge, requisite, possesst)
 Hear this one Maxim, and retain it well,
 So shall you still, in judging right, excel---
 A Lawyer at the Bar may plead with Grace;
 Yet want the Pow'r, which we in *Murray* trace---
 Another an entangled Cause may free,
 And yet less knowing than a *Ryder* be.
 Such have their Worth—tho' short, far short of these,
 And, with an Under-sort of Merit, please.
 But Poets must be either good, or bad—
 No middle State for them is to be had:
 Bards, by Mediocrity, ne'er rise to Fame:
 A middling, and a bad one, is the same—
 Nor Gods, nor Men, nor Columns rais'd on high,
 Can give such Poets Immortality.
 As Concerts, ill-perform'd, the Feast destroy,
 And Sweets, not mix'd with Art, the Palate cloy
 (For, without these, the social Feast may please,
 And better will, if not improv'd by these);
 So Poems, whose chief End is to delight,
 Grow instant bad---if once they swerve from Right.

" Unfit for manly Sports---untaught to throw
 " The Jav'lin---or to bend the stubborn Bow---
 " To ride the manag'd Horse---or Buckler wield,
 " Or toss the Quoit---or wrestle in the Field"---

H

The

Ne spissæ rîsum tollant impune coronæ:

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere.—

—Quid nî?

Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva:
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens.---

—Si quid tamen olim

Scripseris, in Metî descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit,
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.

Silvestres homines facer interpretsque Deorum

• Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;

Dictus

The prudent Man declines thro' Sense of Shame,
 Nor ventures to acquire uncertain Fame :
 Left, failing in the Toil thro' Want of Skill,
 Loud Shouts of Laughter the wide Circus fill.
 But some, illit'rate, confident, and vain,
 Eager the Name of Poet to obtain,
 Will try their Talents, and, in Nature's Spite,
 Dare, without Knowlege, or true Genius, write---
 " And why not, pray ? What should his Fear create ?
 " He has a Title, and a good Estate---
 " A Life unblemish'd"---Is that all requir'd ?
 Is he by *Phæbus*, or one Muse, inspir'd ?
 But you, whose candid, yet impartial Mind
 Condemns such Weaknesses in human Kind,
 Who still consult whate'er is just and right,
 And, till the Muse inspires, forbear to write ;
 Should you the sacred Inspiration feel,
 Wait for a second *Addison*, or *Steel*---
 Nor think it late the Verse should not appear,
 Till carry'd to the ninth, from Year to Year---
 Once publish'd, 'tis in vain to call it back :
 Like Words gone out, it leaves no certain Track.

In antient Days, ere polish'd Arts began,
 And with Brutes liv'd their Fellow-creature, Man---
Orpheus arose, and taught the savage Brood
 To quit their Caverns, and abstain from Blood---

Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones.

Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet.---

---Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere,---

---sacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago,---

---dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.---

---Post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit. Dictæ per carmina fortes,

Et vitæ monstrata via est,---

---et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis:—

Hence said, by Force of Music to assuage
 The Tyger, and the Lion's furious Rage.
Amphion next, for Eloquence renown'd,
 Repair'd the antient *Thebes*, and wall'd it round---
 Hence Fables taught, that with his tuneful Lyre
 He could, e'en Things inanimate, inspire;
 For then, whoever meant the public Good:
 Distinguish'd in an higher Order stood.
 The Priest and Poet differ'd but in Name:
 Their glorious Task was one, their End the same;
 " To sep'rate sacred Things, from Things profane --
 " Man's lawless Lusts to bridle and restrain---
 " To fix the proper Rules for social Life---
 " To regulate the Husband, and the Wife---
 " To build the City---and by Law controul
 " The private Good, when hurtful to the Whole"---
 Honours divine, hence, grac'd the Poets Name,
 And future Times immortaliz'd their Fame.
 Great *Homer*, and *Tyrteus* next, began,
 With martial Songs, to warm ambitious Man:
 In their high Steps, the *Delphic* Priestess trod,
 And Verse now spake the Meaning of the God---
 * Ev'n Nature's Secrets, op'ning to the Sight,
 In Verse deliver'd, ravish'd with Delight---
 Verse pleas'd the Ears of Kings---and public Shows,
 By Verse improv'd, with greater Lustre rose.

Then

* *V. Dacier's Note in locum.*

---ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est --

---Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium ;---

---alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstinit venere et vino :--

---Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.

Nunc fatis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango:

Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,

Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

Then blush not, HALIFAX, To touch the Lyre,
If *Phæbus*, and the sacred Nine, inspire!

Long has this Question been in high Contest,
If Verse from Genius, or from Art, flows best---
Maturely weigh'd---nor Genius will suffice---
Nor Art, alone, to great Perfection rise---
Both, kindly join'd, united Force impart :
Art favours Genius, Genius favours Art.
As the fam'd Rider, ere he gains the Prize,
A thousand diff'rent Arts, with Patience, tries;
With Heat and Cold, his hardy Limbs prepares;
And from the Joys of Love and Wine forbears---
Or he who strikes the Lyre ne'er tops his Part,
Till taught the Principles of his own Art--
For tho' a Master he at last appears,
There was a time, when even he had Fears.
But now, above Instruction, one will cry,
" Shew me the Man, who writes as well as I :
" Blest with a Genius, what, to me, is Art ?
" What can it more, than I possess, impart ?
" With Care let others cultivate their Mind--
" No Shame to me, like being left behind !
" Let others toil, by Study, to excel :
" If I can hide my Ign'rance, 'tis as well."

Happy

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas ;

Affentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta
 Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
 Si vero est, unctum qui recte ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris
 Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui ;
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ : clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte ;
 Pallescet super his ; etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem ; saliet ; tundet pede terram.
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo ;--
 ---sic

Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,
 An sit amicitia dignus. si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Happy the Bard, who has a great Estate!
 Each Flatterer, for Gain, will on him wait--
 Like Auctioneers, who praise, by public Cry,
 Their Goods, and court each Customer to buy—
 He treats his Friends—The Poor his Bounty taste;
 And Clients, for Protection, to him haste—
 All this is true—But where will all this end?
 Can he discern the Flatt'rer from the Friend?
 The Man oblig'd will never be sincere,
 Each Verse you read with Transport fills his Ear;
 " 'Tis fine, 'tis beautiful—He claps his Hands:
 " With Ecstasy, quite overpow'r'd, he stands—
 " One while, Joy sparkles in his laughing Eyes--
 " And now again, dissolv'd in Grief, he cries."
 As Mourners hir'd, some fun'ral Pomp to grace,
 With Grief, unfelt, put on a dismal Face;
 So Sneerers, ev'ry Line you write, commend,
 And, in their loud Applause, out-tongue the Friend. ---

Pleasure intoxicates the human Soul,
 And Secrets open, with the circling Bowl:
 Hence Princes have been said to try with Wine
 Those, whom for future Favours they design. ---
 With equal Caution, their true Worth to know,
 Study the Man, to whom your Works you show.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
 Hoc, aiebat, et hoc : melius te posse negares,
 Bis terque expertum frustra ; delere jubebat,
 Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles ;
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam infumebat inanem,
 Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.

Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
 Culpabit duros, in comitis allinet atrum
 Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
 Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,
 Arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit,
 Fiet Aristarchus :---

---nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
 Offendam in nugis ?---

---hæ nugæ seria ducent
 In mala derisum semel, exceptumque finistre.

" This must be mended Sir--(a Friend will cry)
 " And this will bear a better Turn--pray try---
 " Sir, I have try'd it, twice or thrice, in vain---
 " Then blot it out, or do it o'er again---
 " How! Blot it out---No, Sir---That's not the Way---
 " Then leave it, Sir---I have no more to say"---
 He holds his Tongue, nor will henceforward take
 A fruitless Trouble for another's Sake---
 Left to yourself, you're charm'd with ev'ry Verse,
 And your own Praises to yourself rehearse.

A Friend, whose Love is like his Judgment found,
 May be severe, but still is faithful found :

" This Line is cold and languid---This wants Grace :

" This is too hard---And this---is out of Place---

" This, with ambitious Ornaments, is drest---

" Your Meaning, here, might better be exprest."

Each Fault, thus noted, grates the Poet's Ears :

A very *Aristarchus* he appears.

" But is not this severe?---Should one offend,

" For Trifles, such as these, a worthy Friend?"

These are no Trifles---But, suppose they were,

You hurt him more, when kind, than when severe;

For, if you stop him not, his Rhyming Vein

Will lead him to expose himself again.

Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;
 Vefanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
 Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.

Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve;---

---licet, Succurrite, longum
 Clamet, io cives! non fit qui tollere curet.
 Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem;
 Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ
 Narrabo interitum. deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Infiluit.--

— Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.

Nec

Shunn'd by the Wise, like Lepers, or diseas'd,
 Or some poor Wretch, with sudden Madness seiz'd---
 Hooted by giddy Boys thro' all the Streets---
 A Laughing-stock to ev'ry Fool he meets---
 It is the Curse of Poets to believe,
 Their Merit draws the Praises they receive;
 Till, by felt Censure hurt, their Suff'rings show,
 The tender Friend has been their greatest Foe---
 But 'tis too late---For, whilst with Flatt'ry vain,
 He sounds his Verses in a lofty Strain,
 Heedless of all Things else, his Feet give Way,
 And to a Ditch, or Well, the Bard convey.
 Like eager Fowlers, on their Game intent,
 Who see, too late, their Danger to prevent:
 In vain he calls---no friendly Hand is nigh---
 There let the Poet, and his Verses, lie!
 What! take him out---By no means---Pray forbear,
 And the *Sicilian* Poet's Story hear:
 The Tale is short---Too fond to be a God,
Empedocles, on scorching *Ætna* trod;
 And, greatly rapt with Thoughts of endless Fame,
 Plung'd in the Mountain's ever-burning Flame---
 This Privilege to Bards, at least, then give,
 To live no longer, than they chuse to live!
 This Privilege all Men by Nature have:
 Why then, against his Will, a Poet save?

'Tis

Nec semel hoc fecit; nec, si retractus erit jam,
Fiet homo, et ponet famosa mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet, cur versus facitet;—

---utrum

Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus:—

—certe furit;—

—ac, velut ursus,

Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

F. I. N. I. S.

'Tis not the first time he has play'd this Game:
 Save him---his Madness will be still the same:
 His Head with this strange Folly fill'd---in vain
 Is human Help---His Phrensy will remain.
 But say, my Lord---Why should this furious Rage
 Of Versifying thus his Mind engage?
 What has he done, that thus his Brain should turn?
 Has he disturb'd his Father's sacred Urn?
 Or mov'd the Bounds devoted to some God,
 And sacrilegiously, within it, trod?
 That he is mad---no Mortal can deny---
 And Fools, as well as wise Men, from him fly.
 His Presence, like a Bear broke loose, they shun,
 And from him, with Precipitation, run:
 But if, by Chance, some Wretch should cross his Way,
 He lays fast hold, and forces him to stay---
 Repeats his Verses, till he's out of Breath;
 And worries the unhappy Man to Death---
 Sticks like a Leech, that feeds on human Gore,
 Nor quits his Hold, till he can suck no more.

T H E E N D.

It is not the first time he has play'd this Game;
Says him--his Madness will be still the same;
His Head with this strange Folly fill'd--in vain
Is human Help--his Reason will remain.
But say, my Lord--Why should this furious Rage
Of Verifying thus his Mind engage?
What has he done, that thus his Brain should turn?
Has he disturb'd his Father's sacred Urn?
Or mov'd the Bounds devoted to some God,
And sacrilegiously within is trod?
That he is mad--no Mortal can deny--
And Fools, as well as wise Men, from him fly.
His Presence, like a Bear broke loose, they shun
And from him, with Precipitation run:
But by Chance some Wretch should cross his Way,
He lays fast hold, and forces him to stay--
Repents his Vices, till he's almost dead;
And weeps the unhappy Man's fate--
Sicks like a Leech, that sucks human Gore,
Nor quits his Hold, till he can suck no more.



T H E